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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Apollo Glass walked down the streets of Brooklyn, New York to his doctor's office. He was scheduled for a check up and a blood-type test.

A small bell rang as Apollo entered the slightly dusty room. A woman with a name tag that read LINDA looked up from her perch at a small desk in the far corner of the room.

"Apollo Glass?" She smiled. Apollo nodded. "Dr. Neal is waiting for you," She said cheerily and pointed to a wooden door decorated with a gold plate that simply read NEAL. Apollo opened it and walked in.

It was a very typical doctor's office, with a small bed to one side of the room and a wall of cabinets and drawers on the side. There was a chair in the left corner of the room closest to the door.

"Ah, Mr. Glass," Dr. Neal said. He was a rather short man, and he was very pale and skinny. Apollo half-expected him to fall apart if he moved too fast. Dr. Neal had black curly hair and

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The bed dropped its head and pulled a small spring out of its

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Seated, Apollo held out his arm for the doctor. "I like to do blood samples the old fashioned way, mostly because new equipment is expensive," Dr. Neal laughed as he carefully drew a small amount of blood from Apollo's arm. "Now, this might take a couple minutes, but I have to inspect your blood cells' chemical composition and behavior to identify our blood type."

Dr. Neal pull out a micro scope, a small vial, and an empty microscope slide from seemingly endless wall of cupboards and cabinets. He put a small drop of Apollo's blood on the microscope and the rest of the blood in the small vial. Dr. Neal slid the slide under the microscope and bent over to examine his patient's blood.

Apollo watched as Dr. Neal's face changed from studious to confused, then to amazed. "I... I've never seen this before..."

Chapter 2 by Zach Patrick



"I'm very sorry Mr. Glass, but I won't be able to help you." Said Dr. Neal. Standing up the doctor motioned Apollo to the door.

"I don't understand. What are you talking about?" asked Apollo. "I want an explanation"

"I'm very sorry Mr. Glass, but I've just overcome with a very serious case of fear of death."

Doctor Neal shuffled his aging frame towards the door.

Apollo stood, reached out and placed a hand on the doctors bony shoulder. Quicker than Apollo could perceive the doctor was standing behind him and a stabbing pain throbbed from his right wrist, which was now clasped in the doctors surprisingly strong hand.

" I feel for your sense of confusion young man, and because I'm and old fool I will say only this, find the Kalrath in the scrap barrens. I will say no more. Now please leave sir, or I will be forced to call the authorities "

The doctor released Apollo's hand and motioned him towards the door smiling. Apollo stretched himself upright and rubbed his hand. Pausing for a moment he walk out of the exam room, past a smiling Linda and out into the gray misting night.

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